

FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1919

Reedy's MIRROR



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Special Announcement

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St. Louis, Mo.

announces that he has a number of

Special Lectures

—on—

Economics, Religion, Literature, Politics and Some of the Spokesmen of Freedom at home and abroad in past and present times, which he will be pleased to present to LYCEUM and CHAUTAUQUA audiences during the Summer and Fall season of 1919.

Some of the titles are as follows:

Character, Culture and Citizenship

The Truth and Wisdom of Wordsworth's Poetry: Its Influence on the Thought of Our Time.

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"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy, rolls from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven; And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown, The poet's pen turns them to shapes, And gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

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"Beauty still lies imprisoned and iron wheels go over the true and the good and the beautiful that might spring from human lives."—Henry George.

The Cry for Justice: The Age-Long Aspiration of the Race for a Larger Life and a Fuller Measure of Freedom.

"And so through all the ages one unceasing purpose runs, And the thoughts of men are widened in the process of the suns."

For terms and particulars apply to

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New Books Received

Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price with postage added when necessary. Address REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

BLOOD AND SAND by Vicente Blasco Ibañez. New York: E. P. Dutton Co., \$1.90.

Authorized American edition of the novel which first brought Ibañez international fame and pronounced by William Dean Howells to be a masterpiece. It deals with the "cherished atrocity" of Spain—the bull ring. The whole atmosphere is of bull fighting and bull fighters. Actual scenes of the arena are described with vividness and force. Translated from the Spanish by Mrs. W. A. Gillespie, with an introduction by Isaac Goldberg. Ibañez has achieved considerable fame in this country recently by his "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "The Cabin," and other novels.

THE GAMESTERS by H. C. Bailey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., \$1.75.

An historical romance of Europe during the first quarter of the eighteenth century wherein a most bewitching maid and her brother go adventuring in the small German states of the time. Gaming, intrigue, duello, "honor," fill its pages. Frederick the Great, as a young man, has part in the story.

TWO BANKS OF THE SEINE by Fernand Vandérem. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., \$1.90.

A brilliant comedy of contemporary French manners in which the life of the Quartier Latin is brought into sharp contact and contrast with that of the upper classes. The author places character and human relationships above plot. Of The Library of French Fiction series, illustrating the life and manners of modern France. Edited by Barnet J. Beyer, some time lecturer at the Sorbonne.

THE POLITICAL SCENE by Walter Lippmann. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.

An essay on the victory of 1918 by the secretary of the inquiry conducted by Colonel House to prepare data for the peace commission. For the past two years the author has been attached to one or another staff of the military intelligence bureau of the war department, in America and in Paris. This book states the essential commitments of the United States involved in entry in the war, the military victory, war time diplomacy, the course of the peace negotiations and the proposed constitution of the League of Nations. Mr. Lippmann is author of "A Preface to Politics," "Drift and Mastery" and "The Stakes of Diplomacy."

NIXOLA OF WALL STREET by Felix Grendon. New York: Century Co., \$1.50.

A novel of finance in which a private secretary and Big Business play the principal roles. Adventure, fun and snappy dialogue make it easy reading. Illustrated.

THE JERVAISE COMEDY by J. D. Beresford. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$1.50.

A comedy of amusing situations delightfully related. A young dramatist, week-ending with a family almost unknown to him, becomes accessory to a planned but only half executed elopement, and falls in love with one of the other parties thereto. The ensuing events afford food for scandal to the only half informed gossips, and entertainment to the reader.

THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT ALCOHOL by George Elliot Flint. New York: Macmillan Co., \$1.50.

A consideration and discussion of all the arguments for and against alcoholic prohibition, its psychological, political and physical effects and consequences. The author considers national prohibition a tyrannical evil and endeavors to show that it would be followed by private distillation and increased drunkenness, also an increase in the use of drugs. He shows the effect of drink and the absence of drink upon the workman here and in the tropics and advocates the enforcement of just liquor laws. Indexed. Introduction by the honored veteran Dr. Abraham Jacobi.

THE DAY OF GLORY by Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.

Six short stories and sketches continuing the narrative of "Home Fires in France" to the time of the armistice. The titles are "On the Edge," "France's Fighting Woman Doctor," "Lourdes," "Some Confused Impressions," "It is Rather for Us to be Here Dedicated" and "The Day of Glory." They constitute pen pictures of the fortitude of the French in all the sufferings and distressing circumstances of war time. Tribute is also paid to the Americans in France.

WHILE THERE'S LIFE by Elinor Mordaunt. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.50.

A wealthy Englishman condemned by his doctors to an early death decides to live his remaining few months in his own way, to begin life all over again. His family seem interested only in the property which might fall to them upon his death, and there being no other opposition he drops out of sight in London where he finds work, health and love. Interwoven with his adventures in the new life are those of his youngest daughter, who has a love story of her own.

IRONICA by Donald Evans. New York: Nicholas L. Brown, \$1.

People devoted to the exotic and the outre in verse will remember with interest Donald Evans' "Sonnets from the Patagonian," "Two Deaths in the Bronx" and "Nine Poems from a Valetudinarium." They will remember, even though they do not understand. In this volume Mr. Evans returns to the charge against whatever it is that exacerbates him, but gives his readers a cue and clue to his mood in the title of the book. That is a Rosetta stone which may enable the uninitiate to catch the drift of Mr. Brown's purpose. The book is dedicated in sections to other poets, among them Witter Bynner, James E. Richardson, Philip Moeller, Lloyd R. Morris and Amy Lowell. One suspects that Mr. Evans is having a great deal of fun with a whole lot of serious things, but one suspects also serious intent underlying some of the fun-making.

BOLSHEVISM by John Spargo. New York: Harper Bros., \$1.50.

The author of this book is a socialist who refused to go with his party when the St. Louis convention passed resolutions against the war. He is an authority upon the cult although he has strayed away from the rigid principles of Karl Marx. He treats his subject exhaustively and in the historical spirit. In his preface he refers to an impressive list of authorities on the revolution, including writers, books and newspapers for and against the program of the Bolsheviks. Mr. Spargo has also had the benefit of intimate association with prominent Russians in Paris, Rome and elsewhere. He provides an appendix setting forth many of the important documents issued by the revolutionaries. Some things of Bolshevism he approves, but not its more extreme proposals. He suggests that "the Remedy for Bolshevism is a sane and far-reaching program of constructive social democracy."

COLORS OF LIFE by Max Eastman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.25.

Max Eastman wrote "The Enjoyment of Poetry," probably the best essay on poetry since that of Shelley. In this little pocket volume he introduces his own poems with another essay the reading of which is again a delight. He takes a hard fall out of the new versers but he does it with the mastery of an artist. To some, possibly, his essay will seem more important than his poems, but there is to be said about the poems themselves that they exhibit a strong self-mastery in that Mr. Eastman by the exercise of an iron will keeps his socialism well subordinated to his poesy. There is an interesting little note upon the sonnet. Some of Mr. Eastman's earlier work is explained in another note which reveals the author as not only a poet but a philosopher. The work is distinguished throughout and will attract attention not only for itself, but by reason of the celebrity the author has "enjoyed" as the result of the efforts of the authorities to put him in jail for the pacifistic attitude of his publications, *The Masses* and *The Liberator*.

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REEDY'S MIRROR

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ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1919

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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BEGINNING next week the publication day of REEDY'S MIRROR will be Thursday instead of Friday. This that our out-of-town readers may—Burleson permitting—get the paper within the week of issue.

The Critical Hour

By W. M. R.

TERMS to Germany are ready. The League of Nations pact is completed. And now the Paris conference and the world are nervous lest something happen to bring the peace to confusion. But there is no cause for failure of the high heart.

Italy balks—ignoble Italy, who dickered her way into the war—because she cannot grab Fiume and the Dalmatian coast under the terms of the secret treaties of 1915. She threatens to withdraw from the conference—blackmail again! Does Italy dare withdraw and wreck the peace? If she does the world will judge her, as it has judged Germany, faithless. For Italy's demands violate that one of the fourteen points which repudiated annexations, and she accepted the fourteen points. Can Italy do this and complete a record that began with her desertion of Germany and Austria? Can she stand on a treaty which scorns the vital principle of the covenant against secret diplomacy? It will make her a pariah among nations. Italy will have to yield her claims or flock by herself, and military and economic conditions forbid her going it alone.

What will Germany do with the peace terms? Her envoys to Versailles may take the terms and the pact back home and the government, so far as there is a government, may submit them to the German people. That is democracy. Too bad there was no plebiscite in Germany or elsewhere on the war. What will the German people do? The terms are hard. The German people don't yet understand how their armies were defeated. They will resent the terms, but there's no alternative save blockade and war. Do the German people want more of these? It is hardly thinkable. Whither could they turn for aid in war? Austria-Hungary is chaos, and Russia is chaos worse confounded. Germany can only submit and bide her time, appealing, by passive resistance and propaganda to public opinion against the terms. But the heart of the world is hardened against Germany. She must sign or endure further economic strangulation, which means more Bolshevism among her people. Her best hope lies in joining the League, and she should not be too long debarred from joining.

Russia remains a problem. The peace conference will best let it alone. The Russians should be left to settle their own affairs. The Allies and ourselves should feed the non-combatants. No Russian government will bar out Red Cross relief if that relief has no political strings to it. Our blockade of Russia is not breaking Lenine and Trotzky, apparently, nor is it helping their opponents. It is only starving the unfortunate Russian masses. It is not making any part of Russia friendlier to the Allies and ourselves. The Russians are not making war on us. Liberals of all lands must protest against the influence with the peace conference of reactionary Russians of the old regime. When the Russians set up a stable government, let them come into the League of Nations, if they will. Meanwhile let us feed the hungry, clothe the naked, succor the sufferers in the hospitals.

Great Britain, France and the United States must stand firm for the League and the treaty. The two

are the world's barrier against red ruin in Russia, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and probably Germany. We cannot ask "What is truth?" and wash our hands, leaving civilization to perish. Let Italy play Ishmael if she will. It's the League against the Deluge.

Reflections

By W. M. R.

The Jonah

ALBERT SIDNEY BURLESON should be arrested for obstructing the mails. If the administration doesn't get rid of him he will do for it what Ballinger did for the Taft regime—destroy it. He has hobbled the press. He is an obstructionist and obscurantist to the spread of intelligence. He has straitjacketed organized labor and taken all the spirit of the corps out of the army of federal employees in the postal department. His censorship of New York World dispatches in criticism of himself should be his finish.

Kick In

WE placed an order for victory with Uncle Sam. The goods have been delivered. The bill is \$4,500,000,000, called for by the Victory Loan. Will we welch? Sure not. Who's we? You, I, everybody. Kick in!

The peace conference's labors in reshaping the map of Europe will be a failure, in the opinion of our large and increasing population of poets, bound and free, if it does not make certain that there shall be a seacoast of Bohemia.

Explaining a Poem

Forty people have written this office asking the meaning of Miss Amy Lowell's poem, "Gargoyles," printed in last week's issue of the paper. I hold that it spoils a poem to explain it, but Miss Lowell says that "Gargoyles" is "supposed to present the utter impossibility of amalgamation between the top and the bottom, under the figure of an ordinary merry-making." There now! Is the poem a darn bit better after it is explained? Is it indeed as good after explanation as before? Gargoyles don't exist, off old churches and such, except in the phantasmagoriae of late diners on the succulent Welsh-rabbit. They are not explainable. But they are excellent subjects for free verse.

Concerning Ownership

Here's a thought from a New York letter to the editor, signed J. J. M. "The economic forces of the world are divided into three groups: (1) Those who believe the few should own everything; (2) those who believe everybody should own something; (3) those who believe nobody should own anything. The groups may be designated conservatives, progressives, Bolsheviks. The question up to each American is, 'where do you stand?' The editor thinks that the true faith is in the program of the second group. Everybody should own something because—everybody does, though everybody doesn't get it. Everybody creates values that a few take. They are land values. The state should take them for the benefit of everybody. That's the way to escape from the perils of the policies of J. J. M.'s groups one and three.

Presidential Timber

The tip is out that General Leonard Wood is to be the candidate for President upon the Republican ticket next year. He is said to have the support of

most of the Roosevelt following, and the other Republicans look favorably upon him as a military candidate and a martyr to Wilson's dislike of Roosevelt. Mr. Taft has been too strong for the League of Nations to lead an opposition to the Democrats. Why General Pershing is not deemed available by the tipsters does not appear. There's a boomlet on for General Wood, but—the nominating convention is more than a year off. The strongest tip on the Democratic nomination now is Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, and his strong point is his anti-militarism.



Unshackle Opinion

'GENE DEBS is in the penitentiary for opposing the war. In opposing the war he violated the law. But keeping 'Gene Debs and Kate Richards O'Hare and other opponents of war in prison won't make either war or law any more popular. The people of this country mostly may have approved the war, but there are mighty few folks who believe in the imprisonment of their fellow citizens for opinion's sake. Anybody, any time, may find that his opinion may subject him to imprisonment, and this in a government by opinion. The espionage acts and their enforcement against freedom of speech are only intensifying discontent. They bottom whatever of Bolshevism there is in this country. All political prisoners should be released, all espionage prosecutions abandoned. The war against the enemy is over. Let us stop making war against our own people who are guilty of nothing but political and economic heterodoxy. Let us have peace!



Sam Gompers' Myopia

SAM GOMPERS writes well on the labor problem, as far as he cares to go. He wants to keep up wages and production, too. He is right, but why doesn't he tell what he knows and believes, namely, that the way to make more jobs than there are men and at the same time keep production of wealth at a maximum, is by opening up of the held-out land and its natural resources to the use of all the people? Mr. Gompers is a good and an able man, but he lags behind such labor leaders as those in Illinois who have organized there a political party, one of whose platform planks declares for the single tax. Labor won't have much chance for its own, or capital either, with land values increasing as they are as the result of every increase in prosperity, labor-saving devices, every public improvement, every increase in population. Everything helpful, as the *Springfield Republican* says, is discounted by the world to the few in possession of the land, and they eat up wages and profits, too. Reconstruction will chiefly help the landlords and they will get a large chunk of labor's share of production. A labor program that doesn't touch the land is no good. But Mr. Gompers has no program—except the strike and a "divvy" with capital. It won't do.



The War Labor Board's Value

THREE weeks ago, accepting as true the statement in an eastern publication, I did a wrong to the National War Labor Board. The labor members of that body have not "sold out." Their solidarity cannot be impeached. They have stood firmly for their side of all issues. That the Board has been very effective in composing difficulties during the war is generally admitted. For instance, it has heard nearly one hundred street car cases, made its awards and the awards have been adhered to with but one exception. It settled a strike of trainmen that tied up every car in forty New Jersey cities. At least fifty other cities have been saved from traction line tie ups. The Board was a war instrumentality and with the passing of the war, its power may have waned. Its extra legal authority is diminished now, but it seems still to carry no little moral authority. The War Labor Board should be continued as an industrial court during the time in which we shall pass from war to peace. It will be a valuable adjunct to that national conference of employers and workers which, it is said, President

Wilson will call, when he comes home, to consider the industrial situation, the control of power, the eight-hour day, the housing problem and the sabotage of restricting production. Such a conference has convened and reported in Great Britain and recommended a council of four hundred members, half employers and half workers, to be elected by the respective elements and to be a consultative part of the government on all industrial questions. Trade unions are to be uninterfered with, but members are to be obedient to the unions' decisions. There is to be a national minimum wage law, a 48-hour week, restriction of child labor and some provision for short-time work to take up the unemployed. The American conference will probably be guided somewhat by the British conference's findings, but the chances are it will not go as far. The War Labor Board would fit in splendidly as a means for putting into operation the conference program—that is, if the conference be not such a flash-in-the-pan as the recent conference at Atlantic City, where practically the only man who had a reconstructive, conciliatory idea was John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and that was ignored because he was John D. Rockefeller, Jr.



Poor Old Missouri

My, what a blast the *Post-Dispatch*, the *Globe-Democrat* and the *Star* join in delivering against Governor Gardner of Missouri, because he couldn't make the legislature do what he and those newspapers wanted. The governor hasn't been a great success at anything much, but sidestepping things in general and doubling on his own policies. Still he didn't elect the members of the legislature. The people chose that bunch that is out for all the jobs to be had, even if it has to appropriate money for them out of a revenue which is not provided for. If the governor did control the legislature absolutely he would probably be denounced for driving the body under the lash of the boss. The governor has simply played politics until he's so badly rattled that before he starts anywhere he meets himself coming back, having forgot where he wanted to go. His legislative policy has had a devastating blow-out. He looks infantile in his bewildered helplessness. He makes the state look worse than he does—like a joke-state in a comic opera. No doubt about all that, but in whose interest as a prospective democratic candidate for United States Senator is the governor being demolished? There isn't much grief over his elimination, though his plight is so piteous as to be unfunny, but I don't see why he should be so furiously assailed. He's the kind of governor we have been used to, latterly. Whatever his faults, he is eminently Missourian, and so is the legislature. We should be proud of him, he so incarnates the commonwealth in its stick-in-the-mud policy. But will getting rid of him, and of the legislature, too, get us a better United States Senator? We must not forget that Governor Gardner is thoroughly representative of the state. So is the legislature that makes him feed out of its hand. He's the kind of governor and the legislature is the kind of legislature a state should have that doesn't want workmen's compensation laws, or hard-surfaced roads or equal taxation in all its subdivisions. He's what Missouri expects in its governors. Indeed, I suspect that Missouri would like him better if he were worse. It seems to like puny, piddling politics and to hate ideas general or particular. Poor little Freddie Gardner! He'd be a hero-statesman right now, if it were not thought necessary by some other piddling politicians to get him out of the way of someone else for the democratic nomination for United States Senator. He put himself in the hands of the piddlers and now they are destroying him. But he brought it all upon himself. He did everything in politics he said he would not do, and he is now a total loss. But I maintain that, when all is said, he is a good Missouri governor. It seems hardly fair to denounce him for his Missouriosity. What could we expect in the way of a governor of a state ranking thirty-eighth in the point of literacy?

Cotton in Politics

By W. M. R.

COTTON planters in the South are kicking up a fuss. They are saying ugly things in their meetings in Texas and elsewhere. They say that England's sea power is being used to hold American cotton out of both belligerent and neutral countries hitherto competing with England in cotton cloth manufacture, for the double purpose of smashing continental competition and of beating down the price of the American raw material. They think our Government is, in effect if not in purpose, working in the interest of cheaper raw material for the New England cotton cloth manufacturers. The planters are organized to protect cotton, with the whole world opposed to them. This Government, they think, is forcing down cotton prices. Governor Allen of Kansas thinks the organized cotton planters should be prosecuted under the anti-trust law. The planters say that during the war the Government fixed the price on every staple commodity and the price was that of the man who had it to sell. On manufactured cotton goods prices were fixed that would have justified a price of 75 cents for the raw cotton. The planters say that if they were organized as labor is, Barney Baruch would have boosted the price of raw cotton to 60 cents, instead of lowering it. Baruch, they say, boosted cotton prices to make votes in the North at the last election. He knocked about \$60 out of the price of a bale, inside of two weeks. The establishment of an embargo was part of the plan. Cotton conditions were brought down to a pre-war basis.

With cotton at 27 cents, the average tenant farmer family of five persons under pre-war conditions, received a gross income of \$900 a year and a net income, after paying rentals of \$56.25 a month. This represents the labor of two persons all the year and of four persons in the chopping and picking seasons. The same labor working upon ships built for the Government under a wage scale fixed by the Government would have yielded over \$7,000 a year. The labor on ships was largely done by immigrants from Europe. Practically 100 per cent of the labor on the cotton fields of Texas and the South is native born Americans. The planters ask if an immigrant from Europe, simply because he lives north or east, is entitled to more consideration than the native born American of the South? The cotton men think the Government should have done for them what it did for the wheat growers, though the wheat growers, we may recall, complained because the wheat price was fixed and the cotton price was not. The wheat farmers thought cotton was favored by the Government.

However, that may be, the cotton men want the embargo taken off. They want no international cotton pool keeping down the price. They insist upon marketing cotton slowly now and after peace, so as not to break the price. They are in favor of such a valorization scheme as Brazil applied to coffee, though I believe that Brazil's effort in that direction was a miserable and disastrous failure. The wrathful Texans have resolved, too, that the encouragement which has been given by the Secretary of Agriculture, D. F. Houston, to the effort made by the War Trade Board to force down the price of cotton to twenty-five cents, identified him with those who in war time sought to set apart cotton as the one great American industry to be placed under the ban of the Government, and to condemn those engaged in its production to starvation wages. Mr. Houston is only a little worse than another—Barney Baruch. The planters' resolutions say that the vesture of autocratic control of the movement and marketing of cotton in Bernard Baruch, who ranks among the leaders of cotton operators and speculators in New York City, is so obviously antagonistic to the interests of the producers of cotton as to call for their vigorous protest, which can no longer be delayed, out of regard for their own welfare, and in view of the activities in support of the embargo.

These planters are going into politics too for other

things than better prices for cotton. Their organization has a program of wide scope. It will oppose centralization of government powers at Washington, and try to restore that power to the people. It will fight the extravagances in Federal and State Government which have made taxation unbearable. It will support the proposal for a constitutional convention in Texas, and will submit to the people in advance the particular constitutional provisions which it will advocate. One of these will abolish all unnecessary offices. Another will vest local legislation in commissioners' courts. A third will valorize the cotton crop and put the credit of the state behind it. It will support candidates for the constitutional convention who will advocate these things.

This Texas program will be adopted in the other cotton growing states with little change. It is one that will fit in well with the agitations of the tenant farmer associations. Anyone can see that the situation makes an inviting opening for activities by the Farmers' Non-Partisan League that has captured North Dakota and is spreading in Nebraska, Minnesota and Kansas. The wheat farmers profit by price fixing and the cotton growers, who were thought to be favored by exclusion therefrom, now want their prices fixed. The sectional and occupational antagonism will tend to disappear in a common cause. The situation recalls the days of the Wheel and, later, the Farmers' Alliance, that merged into the Populist party, which, as we know, got almost all its principles enacted into law by the older parties in congress and the legislatures. If the United States Attorney-General should proceed against the cotton growers for conspiracy to raise prices, the reform movement may become revolution in a mild form. We may expect, however, that the cotton growers will be no more prosecuted for such action than organized labor has been.

The cotton question is a big labor question. Cotton has been from the beginning in this country a slave industry, its growth requiring the constant, early-and-late employment of men, women and children in the South, and the employment of men, women and children for long hours daily in its manufacture in the mills of New England, the eastern South. The perpetuation of this condition would be intolerable. It would be more so if it were accomplished in furtherance of the designs of foreign powers to dominate cotton production and help their own people at the expense of ours, both producers and consumers. Cotton is getting into politics and it will get in big. It may win, but I can't see any success for the valorization scheme. We have valorized wheat, for which all must pay the cost, either in high prices or taxes. The planters are wrong in so far as they may propose to decrease production. The world wants more production, not less; and then free play of the law of supply and demand. But the cotton planters are angry and they will fail through trying short cuts to their ends, but they will learn in time that the main thing that must be done is to lift the embargo on land.

Passing on the Torch

A CONDENSATION

By W. M. R.

SCIENTIFIC postulate which most men have accepted in their deeper sense with insuperable reservation, is the one that "there is no inheritance of acquired characteristics." I have always classed it with the scientific superstition, or, in more genteel phraseology, the scientific prepossession; for if we do not take on anything transmissible from our experiences in life, how came we to get where we are in the scale of existence in the higher connotations of life? If heredity is only our modern term for fate, then the end of all aspiration and effort is—nothing. The human heart is full of heresy against the Mendelian dogma, and the heart, says Pascal, has reasons that reason does not know. So, when I find such an article as "The New Hope in Heredity," in the *Unpopular*

Magazine, I am glad to pass the hope and its accompanying faith along to others. The author is Prof. M. H. Fischer, of Cincinnati University, and he makes a case. He starts out by defining what is meant by character and characteristics. First, he shows that morphology, or the science of form, has been the basis of classification of objects—their color, shape or weight. The distinction or differentiation does not go deep enough. Form is no index of functional capacity, and in the functional capacity we find what may be called character. Big heads don't mean big intellects. An organism is judged by its ability to do its work. So much for character; how about *acquired* character? Prof. Fischer shows that to *acquire* something means to obtain it by *your own* effort. Therefore, how could we expect that by our cutting off the tails of rats a race of tailless rats could be produced. This tail-amputation argument is the basis of the process of reasoning which leads to the declaration that there can be "no inheritance of acquired characteristics." The cutting off of a rat's tail means no acquirement for the rat, though it may mean acquirement of flexibility in the muscles of the amputator.

But we know that there have been changes in characteristics of certain creatures. We have accepted environment as accounting for such changes, and we think rather more about the environment than about the response of the organism thereto. And we have thought we were following Lamarck in doing this. The environment doesn't do it all, unaided. The creature acted upon by the environment is a partner in the affair, and this in proportion to his reaction to the environment. It's not the burden the creature bears, but his effort in carrying it that counts. So that in this view, all plant or animal mutilation, in hope of reproducing a man-made stigma upon the parent, is valueless. All those experiments prove only that mutilations, whether of accident or design, are not inherited. The marks given those organisms are not acquired by, but inflicted on them.

Lamarck in fact held that "both the development and the loss of functional character was dependent upon the amount of use or disuse to which it was put, and that such fundamental capacity and incapacity then expressed itself in the organs or organisms of the progeny." Lamarck's view has been distorted. Prof. Fischer quotes Lamarck's first and second laws in full, supporting what we may call the doctrine of use as developing transmissible acquisitions of function. Then, Prof. Fischer turns to the laws unearthed by Casper M. Redfield in many publications, reaching as far back as the *Horseman*, in 1902, and the *Horse Review*, in 1904. Redfield based his conclusions upon observation upon domesticated animals, the laws therein appearing operating even among humans.

Sportsmen, lovers of dogs and horses, have always blasphemed the dogma of the non-inheritability of acquired characteristics. They asked how came the high speed of horses, let us say. The eohippus didn't have it. In 1818 Boston Blue made a mile in three minutes. In 1830 Bull Calf raised the speed and lowered the time to 2:47¾; in 1839 Dutchman made it in 2:32; in 1845, Lady Suffolk 2:29½; in 1859 Flora Temple, 2:19¾; in 1874 Goldsmith Maid 2:14; in 1892 Nancy Hanks 2:04, and in 1912 Uhlan made the mile in 1:58. How about this? Was there a special creative force operating every time the record was lowered? We have given up the idea of special creations. Well, then: were these record-breakers pure "sports," according to the mutation theory of De Vries? Can we believe that "the parent amoeba must have contained in itself all the possibilities of the superior animals," that "in the organisms of our pre-simian ancestors must have resided the wise men of our own generation," that "in the original Eve must have been enchaind the prototypes of Sappho, Catherine of Russia, and George Eliot?"

Speedier horses came to be such through training, and resultant development therefrom—yes; but good racing stock has failed to develop racing quality,

and non-racing stock has been the progenitor of winners. Full brothers and sisters equally trained show unequal performance. "The Mendelian law does not provide that we can get more quality from a previous generation than was existent in it, and the records show that the speed of an Uhlan was not in any of Boston Blue's generation. Race horses, in other words, seem to come out of the blue and into the blue to vanish. What mean such apparent contradictions?"

Study of the records show that race horses produce race horses only when they are raced. They cease to do so when retired to the pleasant home life of the breeding stable. Per contra, low standard stock, hard worked in runabout or carriage, or even pulling a street car, have furnished true blood and the veritable "dark horses" from which come winners. Horses used for racing are not usually bred; breeders are but rarely raced. That is the explanation of the contradictions of the breeding establishments. The winners of a new generation are the progeny of hard-working parents, the losers the sons and daughters of the retired best families. Prof. Fischer develops the point in specific instances. He shows that two hundred of the sons of Almont were used for breeding purposes. Of these, ten per cent were raced, while ninety per cent were too valuable for breeding to be raced. The raced sons outranked the unraced sixteen to one, as successful sires of racing stock. I shall not follow him in his study of similar facts with regard to Belmont, Abdallah I, Hambletonian 10. It proves that the quality sons and daughters are all born when the sires are in the best state of active development. The non-racing of breeders and the non-breeding of racers accounts for the degeneration of the most famous bloods.

Prof. Fischer next considers cows and the increase in the milk production over past generations. The statistics of dairy husbandry prove that those calves and their descendants prove best in milk production in a new generation which have been born latest in the calf list of any mother. The later a calf comes in a series, the greater the probability it will become a greater milk producer. That's why breeders have ever preserved only the youngest daughter of the oldest cows. The first born go to the butcher. Cows become better milk givers by the increased exercise of their udders in milking. The characteristic grows by use and is passed on to the progeny of the period of most use.

Let us consider dogs. Dogs are judged by bench show "points"—morphologically, that is to say. But dogs that work in the hunting field are not bench show dogs. The great Laverack, known of all dog men, was not a breeder but a hunter. He bred only to keep his pack filled. He kept his dogs at work and worked them hard. He bred them late in their careers. He used both males and females in his hunting. He built upon demonstrated quality in both father and mother, even though they might be brother and sister. When Laverack's dogs passed to Llewellyn, the latter trained and raced only the males. The get of Llewellyn's males on Laverack's raced females were winners. The get of Laverack's males on Llewellyn's unraced females were mediocre performers. The dogs that follow the scent, run the fields and are not gun-shy, are not those of pure family and bench show points, but those of older parents training in actual work.

Come we now to the well-known human race. Whence come the performers here? Prof. Fischer says that they come, even as among horses, cows and dogs, from the users of the higher faculties of man. And man's development, beginning later than that of other animals, persists longer, if it ever stops so long as vigorous life lasts. The father and the mother more definitely possess acquired characteristics at the age of forty, let us say, than the father or mother of fewer years and less experience of life and with less used faculties. In the best New England blood the genealogical tree shows a normal or average breeding rate of little better than three generations to the century. More specifically, the average age of fathers and mothers at

the time of birth of their children is short of thirty-three years. Compare this slow breeding rate with that of the great men of history. Compare the New England rate of sixty-six years from birth of grandfather to birth of grandson with the rate when the grandson is eminent. Take a few names from Prof. Fischer's long list: Augustus Caesar 118 years; Aubudon 115; Copernicus 100; the elder Dumas 93; Robert E. Lee and Darwin 78; Lincoln 76; Grant 74. Prof. Fischer's analysis of this table is most interesting but too long to follow here. A paragraph must suffice as a sort of generalization. Thus: "In a list of 571 eminent men, with 860 birth ranks thus studied, the rate of breeding showed an average of 40.7 years from father to son, instead of the New England 33. If the probability of being eminent when born of a father between thirty-five and forty is taken as unity, the probability if born at twenty-five is less than one-fifth as great. Ascending the age scale, the probability at fifty to fifty-five is five times that at thirty-five to forty; and over sixty it is over ten times that." Again: "On the Mendelian basis it should, of course, make no difference when, in the life story of the father or mother, a son is born. The quality being there and fixed, the sons of the young should be as good as the sons of the old; or, put another way, slow breeding should not necessarily show up in the life histories of the human families which are possessed of higher intellectual qualities. Yet the life histories of the Edwardses, the Wedgewoods and the Darwins do show it." The histories of great men are open to all, and there are prizes to be won for bringing evidence contrary to the conclusion as to the higher and better quality of the children of the more mature.

What of it all? There is an old saying that "heredity is something which a father should never forget and a son never remember." The Lamarckian and the Mendelian theories are not mutually exclusive, as some scientists would have them. Care should be taken that a good Mendelian inheritance is passed on undiminished and increased to the children. But the Mendelian parent cannot be sure this will be done. The Lamarckian knows that eternal vigilance is required in addition. "A too happy satisfaction in having been born biologically rich, breeds complacency; of complacency, self-satisfaction; of self-satisfaction, ruin. Conversely, a decision that he is nothing, the determination that he will strive and strive mightily and then beget children, may mean, in the new generation, the start of the superman."

The Mendelian law must be considered, but can it or does it follow that "cursed forever are the lowly of physique, of mind and of soul?" Should these latter be coddled by the sentimentalists? They cannot well be abandoned to their fate. "But . . . the philosophy and the practice which rewards effort with new and better characters, and which shows the way of transmitting these superior characters to an oncoming generation, is full of the better cheer. Though the family of our neighbor may begin with the advantage of richer ground, ours may, through better effort, equal and excel his."

And it is not all to marry late and beget children later still. "If the laws of Lamarck are binding, there is the obvious order to work and to work without ceasing—to use to the full the faculties of body, mind and soul. Those who feel themselves the appointed of God may see to it that opportunity for all this is provided in schools, in universities, in public opinion; or they may supply the means for stupid labor, sweating clerkships and the quiet of armed guards. These are the environments with which we surround the living mass, and to which we challenge it to react. In its quality and in the quality of the children, is written nature's opinion of the efficacy of our methods. Surely the lords and geniuses sprang and spring from the middle class because of these things; and because of them also, and in spite of trust funds and solicitous trustees, do the lords perish and return in a generation or two to their own."

Reactions of a Reader

By Alliterarius

XXV—TO THE BOCHE AND THE PUNDIT.

I NEVER pick up the *Smart Set* without involuntarily there rises in my memory the figure of Arthur Grissom, surrounded, as it always is, with a plaintive aura. Grissom would be somewhat beyond forty now, were he—alas!—still alive. When I first knew him he was living back in Missouri (he was Illinois born) and dabbling in amateur journalism under the pseudonym of "Romeo." He conducted "colyums" and edited bibelots when as yet a mere boy, and as (being myself also at that time in the same category) I contributed to some of 'em, it was in that way we got to know each other. Missouri, however, could not hold Arthur Grissom long. The lure of the metropolis pulled him eastward inevitably and, as it proved, as fatally as the flame lures to itself the bright-winged moth. It will soon be twenty years since he died there, leaving, however, behind him, as mementoes of his brief tarrying with the bedizened succubus, a sonnet, "The Artist," that you will find in the anthologies, a really striking thing and, in view of its authorship, one doubly meaningful; and the *Smart Set*, which "magazine of cleverness" was his idea and but for him had never set sail upon the precarious waters of news-stand publicity.

I will confess that when the *Smart Set* swung loose from the pier I for one indulged no idea that twenty years later it would still be afloat! The jaunty, ribbon-decked, raffinesque little craft gave then no token of being long destined for existence. Nevertheless, it has managed to survive and continues still to skim more or less gayly over those heaving billows beneath which so many more formidable vessels have sunk with not a bubble left to tell where they want down.

The *Smart Set* has experienced some rather variegated ups and downs since Arthur Grissom "passed." A succession of difference editors and publishers have guided its destinies and under their various régimes it has correspondingly varied. Its original divinity might most likely have been Pandora, but others have in turn replaced her and it was more than whispered, at one time, that its sanctum had become an altar of Aphrodite Cypriaca, where the rites of that goddess were impassionedly performed—with considerable reflex action, as it were, upon the printed page of the magazine itself. At any rate, there was soon another change of régime, and then others, and now, as I understand, it has for some time been the property of its co-editors and managers, by the far the most celebrated littérateurs yet connected with it in such capacity, Messrs. George Jean Nathan and Henry L. Mencken.

Here, indeed, is a pair to draw to—with no danger of getting three of a kidney. George Jean and Henry L., joint dispensers of wisdom and folly, so successfully camouflaged that to tell tweedle-dee from tweedle-dum would baffle even Conrad Aiken himself, to say nothing of the less clairvoyant psychoanalysts. It is a constant marvel to me—as, I think, to everybody else—how George Jean can be (and continue to be) so smart and still live. This phenomenon is beyond either transcendentalism or eugenics to explain, while as for pathology, it simply throws up its hands and vamooses the reservation. Yes—George Jean is a wonder, and no mistake!

But if this is true of George Jean, what, oh, what, may be said of Henry L., the Great Mencken?—who, beside his co-partner and collaborator, is as a ten-ton tank beside a tin lizzie.

Years ago—never mind how many, Inquisitive!—I used to know Baltimore pretty well and had a good many friends there. But—thanks to remorseless time, or rather, a murrain on the villian!—I seldom get there nowadays, and few of the old

friends are left to make my tarryings oases in a greying memory. However, in the days I speak of, they used to send me scissorings from a local daily, every little while, chiefly book reviews, by young Henry Mencken. He was at that time the Bright Boy of Baltimore, where, I believe, he was born. And this reminds me of a *mot* that recently I heard tossed off in a group of our literary *cognoscenti*. "Baltimore," said the wit—and of course I pricked up my ears to hear what was coming—"Baltimore is famous as the scene of two great disasters to American literature." He paused for a moment, to let this sink in and for that moment I thought rather vaguely, "Does he refer to the big fire, and something rare and precious that may have perished therein? Or to something else—but what?" Then he went on: "The first was the death of Edgar Allan Poe. The second was the birth of Henry L. Mencken."

There were startled gasps among his auditors, most of whom regard Mencken and his Works (please do not overlook the Cap W, good printer!) with commingled sentiments of ecstasy and awe, and then I heard one whisper in an aside: "Pure spite! He's never been able (referring of course to the wit) to break into the *Smart Set*!"

However, to resume:

Henry was, as aforesaid, born in Baltimore, and, also as aforesaid, was in the early days I have harked back to, known as its Bright Boy. It was wonderful how bright he was! And with what copiousness this fact was made apparent in the local prints! I haven't his tabulated ancestry at hand, but I take it that he is a near relative of Bismarck. The mother of the Iron Chancellor, you know, was a Mencken. She is said to have been a very bright woman—also a very self-assertive one. In these particulars her son resembled her, so it is not surprising that the two failed to hit it off at all well. You will find few gushing references to his maternal parent in the memoirs of Bismarck, but he was mamma's boy, just the same. Bismarck is the super-boche of German *Kultur*, and, as blood will tell, the erstwhile Bright Boy of Baltimore has in time evolved (by aid of the *Smart Set* and other vehicles of publicity) into the super-boche of our American culture.

It's quite true—he makes me think of Bismarck constantly! He has all the family mannerisms and the use he makes of them is constant and irresistible. That is one reason why I delight to watch him putting the little tin gods of our literary seaboard in their places, just as the Iron One did the little tin Teutonic princelings at the formation of the German Empire. The similitude is more than fanciful, I assure you! He starts out, as a rule, by affecting to treat them with exaggerated courtesy, but at the psychological moment he salutes them in the language of the kennel and slams the door in their faces.

Really, the gesture is historic!

The Iron One, as we all know, was a wondrously versatile being. Some of his love-letters to his hatchet-faced consort (that pious Prussian *haus-frau* who suggested to him, during the Franco-Prussian war, the advisability of expunging from the universe the entire French nation, for the moral and material good that would accrue from the operation) are prose-poems in a way, in startling contrast to the speeches he used to make in the Reichstag when things didn't go to suit him in the *Kultur-Kampf*. He had a nice taste in both music and Machiavelism; and turned the leaves of Holy Writ with one hand while forging Ems telegrams with the other.

Well, our literary super-boche is just as versatile—or even more so. And perhaps the excess is due to the fact of other ramifications. The memory of Adah Isaacs Mencken still lingers, if now somewhat *fade* and pensive. Adah was another versatile Mencken. She used to divide her activities between

riding bare-back, Lola Montez-fashion, in circus-plays (dear old "Mazeppa," et al!) and publishing books of poetry with such weepy titles as "Infelicia," and the like. And then Adah was a ripping beauty, too!... Well, our erstwhile Bright Boy of Baltimore, now our super-boche, is he not positively Apollonian? And does he not pull off a greater variety of different stunts than the Iron One and Adah put together?

Our boche has just published another magnum opus—limited. That is to say, the edition is limited (and circused) at four dollars per throw. Some alluring biographical data are vouchsafed the panting purchaser, on the jacket (what, oh what, would Literature, Modern Literature, be without jackets?—and how, in Heaven's name, did Homer and Shakespeare and the rest of the classics ever get anywhere without 'em?). From this fount of information I derive official confirmation of the natal place (another monument for thee, some great day, thou Monumental City!) I also learn that at the tender age of eighteen the precocious boche was poetizing publicly in the magazines—oh, he was a *wunder-kind*, all right. Since that halcyon era, his magnum opuses have multiplied at a prodigious rate. His first one to rivet the attention of universal *Kultur* was "The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche." This is without doubt one of the most profound works in the philosophical *métier* that any boche has yet put forth. I adhere firmly to this opinion despite the somewhat disparaging attitude assumed toward it by Prof. Salter, in his so exhaustive (and exhausting) "Nietzsche the Thinker." Mr. Salter refers to it as vulgar and disfigured by transcendent errors. However, this I refer to professional jealousy. Those Nietzscheans simply cannot get along together! And I much prefer the Menckonian opus to the Salterian. Not particularly on account of its text, however, but because it contains the famous "Suffering Christ" portrait of the author of "Zarathustra." This portrait is a creation of genius, which you can establish by comparing it with any of the life-photos of Nietzsche—to which it bears about as much resemblance as does a cataclysm to a cream-puff.

Since the "Nietzsche" the opuses have come thick and fast and along with 'em a torrent of opuscles—if you get the difference?—in this case something very subtle, for everything that the boche turns out is great, if not equally so. You don't need to take my word for it. Just look up the "*Mercure de France*." That omniscient authority on American lithrachoos announces (you can read it in the display ad. of the new opus) that the Menckonian "Book of Prefaces" is the only American critical work worth talking about since Poe! The rest are unmentionable. O, sapient "*Mercure*!" An my mythology had not forewarned me that thy namesake was the father of lies, I had believed thee!

The new one—and I am just wild about it!—is called "The American Language." I can't undertake to describe it. I've just been dipping into it, and I am still too breathless. Oh, boy—it's *kolossal*!—to use one of the pet terms of *Kultur*. Just read it for yourself!

But—do I hear some one suggest?—at four bucks per throw it is not within the reach of all who yearn for it. . . . Let me stop and endeavor to think. . . . Well, if you can't, if you positively can't, afford it (and I think you ought to, in the sacred name of *Kultur*, even if the baby's toes continue out), you can read Prof. Brander Matthews' review in the New York Times literary supplement of a week back. Professor Matthews, something like a quarter-century ago (if I may trust my memory off-hand) published a linguistic exercise entitled, "Americanisms and Briticisms." And that settled it. Ever since, every time anybody writes anything about anything of that kind, the Literary Editor always fires it, hot-shot, to the eminent Professor at Columbia University and has him do the review. So

there the Menckenischer masterpiece incontinently went—and the Professor simply wrote colyums and colyums about it, as you can see for yourself. (Incidentally, if he can write that much about one volume about words, of less than 400 pages, what, oh what, would be the result, do you suppose, if somebody sent Prof. Matthews a whole dictionary to review?)

Just the same, it's a peach of a review. It is replete with learning, and, like all masterly things, contains also an inimitable touch of pathos. Ordinarily one doesn't expect a work on philology to tap the tear-ducts, unless on account of the fine type. But Prof. Matthews does it in a far more artistic way. It seems that the Literary Editor of the *Times*, when he sent the Mencken opus to Prof. Matthews, was not (he surely could not have been!—for what Literary Editor ever *read* a book *himself*?) aware that it contained a reference to that person. But—it does! And, when the boche refers to the Professor, *what* do you suppose he does? Why—he up an' calls 'im a—a—a—well, he calls 'im a—yes, I must bring myself to record it—he calls 'im a pundit!

And what does Prof. Matthews do then?

Well—being a professor, and not a boche, he doesn't emulate the Iron One by using the argot of the kennel or banging the door. No, the Professor, who is our foremost authority on the drama, ancient and modern, knows a trick worth two of that. Instead he walks slowly to the center of the stage, wraps his toga about him, gazes with swimming eye into the pit and, striking an attitude of Euripidean pathos, lifts his orbs to heaven and exclaims in heart-rending accents:

"What, oh ye gods and conscript fathers, what have I ever done to deserve *this*?"

There is a quick curtain, amid the sobs of the audience. And really, I cannot react farther today.



Kiao-Chau: a Symptom

By Silas Bent

SEEDS of war have already been planted in the Far East. They have been planted not only in Kiao-Chau, about which Chinese and Japanese delegates have been quarreling at Paris, but in every strip of Chinese land surveyed for railroads, in every alien factory site, in every conceded harbor facility. The dispute over Shantung, where two hundred and fifty Japanese lived in 1914, and where now there are twenty-six thousand subjects of the Mikado, is merely a sprout. But it is worthy of serious examination because it is rooted in a commercial policy and fertilized with a diplomacy which, if they continue, will make another war inescapable.

The bay of Kiao-Chau, the city of Tsingtao overlooking it, and a large part of the province of Shantung in which they lie, were seized by Germany in 1897. The pretext was the murder of two missionaries. Almost any pretext was used by the Powers in those days to bully concessions from China; that method was used not only by Germany, but by France and England and Japan. Another way was to buy concessions by debauching Chinese officials.

Germany's competition there never was serious until she seized Kiao-Chau. In Hongkong, Canton and Shanghai German merchants had traded, but the determination to extend the nation's influence through Shantung, with its rich mineral resources, was the first step of such magnitude as to arouse acute jealousy. The other Powers were not to be outdone. They established naval bases on Chinese soil, demanding from that helpless government railroad concessions here and there; and they made the zones of those concessions "spheres of influence." Their scramble for commercial privilege and for

territory was in large part the cause of the Boxer uprising in 1900.

For the Boxer rebellion was more economic than racial or religious. Let us not suppose that "sphere of influence" is an empty diplomatic phrase. It means business. It means Big Business. In the case of a railroad concession, for instance, it means that the nation (or its group of nationals) owning the concession, supplies the engineers to survey the line, the contractors to build it, the rolling stock and steel rails, the employes who man it; and that in large measure it controls the corollary businesses which spring up around it. It means that the language of that nation is used on the railroad, not Chinese. It means that nationals of other countries are told to keep hands off, and that if they disobey there is an appeal to diplomatic representatives, who speak with the backing of armies and navies. Out of such a situation sprang the Russo-Japanese war.

After the war in Europe broke out, there was no necessity, so far as the Shantung concession was concerned, to go through a diplomatic parley. In November, 1914, an Anglo-Japanese force overwhelmed the German garrison in Tsingtao. The land, and the German concessions, remained in Japanese hands. Soon thereafter Japan presented to China the notorious Twenty-one Demands. China had taken no part in the fighting of Kiao-Chau; and Japan wanted certain favors, which involved the territorial and administrative integrity of China, as reward for her part in ridding China of the Germans. The nature of the demands is too well known to require recapitulation here. The worst part of them was Group V, which remains in abeyance, owing to the protest of the other Powers.

The Japanese bided their time. In Shantung they have made hay while the red sun of war shone. Land has been leased to Japanese factory owners at low rentals. The manufacturers are exempt from taxes or other levies. The Japanese administration of the province supplies electric power to them at special discounts, and the Shantung Railway carries their raw materials and manufactured products at special discounts. As a result, Japanese spinning mills, flour mills, canning factories, chemical works, iron works, oil mills, match factories and a brick yard have sprung up. And the province has been colonized.

Now that hostilities have ceased, Japan is prepared to surrender the administration of Shantung to China, as promised, but she is not willing to give up the concessions, which were granted for ninety-nine years, and have more than seventy still to run. The concessions have been the bone of contention in Paris.

That is one reason why there has been so much discussion of the publication of treaties between the two countries. The Twenty-one Demands became known, but while colonizing Shantung Japan has not been idle elsewhere; she has been busy particularly in playing the money-lender to China, and with each small loan has gone a secret diplomatic convention, granting Japan some industrial or commercial or political concession. A few of those documents have been made public. Japan threatens reprisal if more are given out. Whether the peace conference will nullify them remains to be seen; but the rewriting of Article Ten of the League of Nations covenant, ostensibly to protect the Monroe Doctrine, may become a protection for them, through the cloak and armor it throws about ante-bellum treaties.

Even if Shantung is restored and the Sino-Japanese treaties are abrogated, it will be but lancing the Kiao-Chau boil. It will not cure the malady. Kiao-Chau is but a symptom. Japan, when she was graduated into a first-class Power, only imitated her European sisters. The United States alone has refrained from helping herself to Chinese territory and from bulldozing or bribing Chinese officials in the matter of concessions. We were busy developing our own country, for one thing; but I like to believe that real statesmanship of a high order

prompted John Hay's pronouncement for the Open Door, which means equal commercial opportunity in China to all nations. I prefer to believe he was moved more by a desire for China's welfare than by the demand of American business for expansion in that direction.

At present the Open Door is an agreeable fiction. The European Powers subscribed smilingly to it and have ignored it. The zones of influence are delimited as effectively as ever they were. But the Open Door is China's best hope. It is a promise that her integrity shall be preserved. It cannot be made an actuality unless the Powers represented at the green table in Paris agree to renounce their zones of influence, to forego or pool their concessions and to wipe the slate clean for a new start.

Sometimes discriminatory tariffs cause present-day wars. Sometimes they are provoked by the rivalries of commercial competition in outlying countries, which are so weak politically that they must be developed through alien financial help, bought at costly sacrifice of national rights. Financiers have not been willing to enter such territory unless backed by the armed might of their countries. Some form of international co-operation must be devised, but none is specifically provided in the League of Nations covenant. Perhaps the intention is to work it out gradually through the machinery thus provided. China is the biggest and richest of the "backward" countries, and offers proportionately greater opportunities for those economic frictions which tend to generate the flame of war. Will the peace conference merely oil the friction at Kiaochau? Or will it tear away the whole dangerous mechanism and build anew?



The Railroad Problem

By A. T. M.

A PHASE of reconstruction vitally affecting each of us but almost ignored in the general absorption with the doings at Paris is the ownership and management of the railways. Are they to revert to their former owners within "twenty-one months after peace is declared?" Or are they to remain under Government control? It is not too soon to consider that question. Under either course are present conditions and regulations to continue? Granted that under the Government regime the railroads have been operated in such manner as best to expedite shipments for military ends, would adherence to this course prove in the long run advantageous to the country?

Mr. Edward Dudley Kenna, formerly general attorney for the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad, now a resident of New York, is strongly of the opinion that the contrary is the case, and in a privately printed brochure on "The Importance of Competition Between Railways," crisply delineates his argument. He is opposed to Government ownership, also to private ownership as it existed prior to the war. He is opposed to Government ownership not because he believes the rates would be any lower under private ownership, nor because of the political graft that might naturally be expected to creep into administration, but because he is convinced that a growing country needs the enlivening influence of competition. He concedes that the country suffered under private ownership as it existed prior to December 1917 and advocates a welding of the two systems, combining the better features of both; that is, private ownership under Governmental supervision with financial assistance in given contingencies.

In fairness to the railroads and to the nation, Mr. Kenna asserts that certain discrimination would be just. For instance, under private ownership, as existing prior to the war, each corporation vied with its rivals in a contest for traffic and sought to obtain business by widely advertising its routes and in strenuous efforts to provide a superior service. By this means names of the various routes and the

good will so created became assets of intrinsic value. Also each corporation realized that the sure way to increase its revenue was to increase production upon its own rails; accordingly freight rates were reduced on commodities essential for the development of contributory territory, so that grain grown in Montana freely competed with that of Pennsylvania; fruit grown in California sold in France; Virginia coal was consumed in Alberta—a coal producing region. New industries were fostered, the axiom being that commerce expands with production.

Under Government management all this has been changed. Uniform rates and service have temporarily destroyed whatever advertising value might have inhered in a name. Re-routing of shipments has deprived some roads of business to the verge of impoverishment, to the enrichment of others. This re-routing has usually reacted to the benefit of the road already prosperous. Therefore to return all roads to their former owners in their present condition and on an equal basis would be to injure some at the expense of others.

For this reason Mr. Kenna contends that the Government should exercise a sort of paternal supervision, aiding each road according to its particular needs, fostering competition and always looking to the elimination of monopoly. The former policy of ownership and responsibility being wholly private, and control wholly public, must be abandoned. Among the changes suggested for the new dispensation are:

A designated agency of the Government to determine what railways may be amalgamated, and what agreements between competitors shall be authorized, in order that sane competition may be encouraged, unreasonable competition prevented and the joint use of facilities increased.

Financial assistance for the weaker roads so that they may provide the required facilities independent of market conditions, special legislation or the caprice of bankers. Shares, bonds or direct subscriptions on the part of the Government are indicated, the Government, of course, to share in the profits of the road.

A federal agency to fix all interstate rates and to designate what facilities and services shall be required of any road, provided, however, that the road be assured a reasonable return on its capital. This agency also to constitute a board of arbitration for the adjudication of disputes between owner, labor and shipper, and its membership, therefore, to consist of representatives from each of these classes.

Some such regulations as these Mr. Kenna considers imperative for the future growth of the country. The inadequacy of our railroad service of 1917 he ascribes to lack of equipment rather than to mismanagement. The Government had fixed wages and rates, on a basis that left insufficient margin for operating expenses. Although he charitably—that is, to the railroad presidents—refrains from any mention of watered stocks, manipulated markets and too generous salaries to high officials, his contention may be assumed to be in the main correct from the fact that the Government operated last year at a stupendous deficit.

Very few reasonably well informed people will be able to read his article without taking exception to much therein. Nevertheless, a certain angle of this important question is fairly and forcefully presented and the little book is well worth reading. The excerpt from the United States Government report of 1869 on the Pacific railways, with which Mr. Kenna prefaces his work, is as true today as it was then: "The highways of nations are the measure of their civilization. Without roads there can be no society, government, commerce or intelligence. In exact proportion to the abundance and excellence of highways (and in exact proportion to the cost of transportation on those highways) are the exchanges of services between men, the communication of thought, the augmentation of wealth, the growth of comfort, the development and consolidation of the civilized states."

The Church of God's Wisdom

By H. J. B.

N APOLÉON'S saying that the possession of Constantinople is the ultimate question of diplomacy, for whoever possesses her possesses the empire of the world, may be no longer true; for in a century the bearings of the world have changed. The Suez canal, the Panama canal, and the Siberian railway have diverted the traffic of mankind. The steamship, the locomotive and the aeroplane have reduced the size of the planet till space is scarcely to be accounted. The cable and the wireless have converted many institutions besides king's messengers into futile survivals of the past. But still "The City" remains one of the portals, though no longer a centre, of the old hemisphere's civilization, and a ridge across the Bosphorus, carrying the Orient Express without a break from Ostend or Paris, or by the tunnel from London, to Bagdad and the Persian gulf, and ultimately to Bombay, will restore her to her old position as a dominating junction of East and West. For there she still stands, on the noblest site of all the world, as when the Argo passed between the "Clashing Cliffs," and the Megarians claimed the ground from wandering savages. Secure as a mountain fortress guarded on both sides by impregnable passes, she stands guarded on either hand by rushing straits like deep salt rivers—straits renowned in the history of three thousand years, and adding each century to their renown. Whoever for the next hundred years shall possess her, will hold a key to one of the world's great doors.

With that larger question we are not dealing now, but only with a subordinate but still essential part. Probably, in the minds of most Europeans and nearly all Moslems, the name of "The City" calls up a vision of deep blue waters, flowing round the shores of a hilly peninsula on which shine the big domes and lofty white minarets of a great Mohammedan town. Among all those domes and minarets the thoughts of the European, and, perhaps, of the Moslem, too, turn first to the dome and minarets of the church upon which most of the rest were modelled—the Church of Saint Sophia, the Holy Wisdom of God. Around that church, as our readers know, and as has been proclaimed in many other places, a controversy has lately gathered, which diplomatic authorities are reported not to favor, though one way or other it will have to be settled soon. In the new partition of the world, to what race shall this ancient church belong, and what form of man's religion shall there be celebrated? Historians, artists, picturesque tourists, and the champions of varied faiths have taken the field on one side or the other; and distinct from all stand the diplomatic politicians, always so hard to convince that the world can ever change.

For history there is always Gibbon's vast, ironic, charming story of decline. There is a recent pamphlet called "The Redemption of Saint Sophia," by Mr. J. A. Douglas, of St. Luke's, Camberwell, pleading the right of the Orthodox or Eastern Church in her ancient shrine. Another booklet, "Ancient Stories from the Dardanelles," by Frances Delanoy Little (Andrew Melrose), tells the story from the ages of glorious myth down to the coming of the Turk. Those who speak of the Near East can never avoid St. Sophia long. The history of the church is co-extensive with the Byzantine Empire, and hitherto co-extensive with orthodox Christianity as well, no matter how devoutly Moslems may pray beneath its dome, or with what pains they may turn pavement and carpets all askew, so that they may face to Mecca instead of to the East and the rising sun.

Constantine himself, in designing his "New City of Rome," chose the site for the basilica consecrated to the Divine Wisdom. Destroyed by fire only two or three generations later, during the riots which followed St. Chrysostom's endeavor to amend the

city's way of life, the basilica was rebuilt on more splendid lines. But it was again destroyed during the "Nika" dissensions of Blues and Greens in the Hippodrome—that wanton discord which, in the historian's words, "invaded the peace of families, divided friends and brothers, and tempted the female sex, though seldom seen in the circus, to espouse the inclinations of their lovers, or to contradict the wishes of their husbands." That was in 532, and it was then that Justinian began the amazing edifice which remains a wonder of the world, although from time to time exposed to religious discords as destructive, though perhaps less wanton than the rivalries of racing chariots wearing the colors of Blue or Green. His pious intention was, no doubt, encouraged by Theodora, that incomparable prostitute, whom he had raised to the throne which she was afterwards to save, and whom he certainly consulted in his codification of moral and legal institutions. It was, however, to the great architect, Anthemius, that the triumph of the structure was due; and it was through his skill that the church has survived the assaults and batteries of so much and so diversified religion. It even survived the burning of the city, the pitiless massacre of the inhabitants, and its own desecration by the Catholics of the Fourth Crusade under Dandolo, the blind doge of Venice. It survived, with hardly less risk, though the enemy was no longer included in the same Christian brotherhood—it survived the final capture of the city by the Turks on that fatal Tuesday in May, 1453, when the Sultan, Mahomet II, himself interposed to save it.

On the evening before that dreadful day, the last of the Byzantine emperors, passing on his way to death upon the breach, attended the last Christian service held up to now within that temple of God's Wisdom. Next evening the devastation began, and the old church was plundered of its accumulated treasures, and of the pillars and marbles once plundered by Justinian from the no less beautiful shrines of classic deities. For nine centuries the church has stood as the centre of Greek Orthodox faith, and around it have raged the controversies of impalpable metaphysics to which the Greek mind was naturally prone—controversies more subtle, though hardly less embittered, than the doctrinal divisions of the western churches. Now, for nearly 470 years, though retaining the name of wisdom (since wisdom is universally assumed among the divine attributes), and though still haunted by strange omens and visions of a Christian past, the great church has been a Mohammedan mosque, the old inscriptions nearly obliterated, the sacred mosaics upon its walls whitewashed over, the set of the building, as we said, thrust all askew so as to point south rather than east, toward the prophet's tomb. Into what hands it is now to be entrusted is one among the many minor problems lying before the politicians who are assumed to be seeking and pursuing peace.

Indeed, it is hardly to be called a minor question, even among the enormous problems now affecting the very existence of mankind. That ancient dome, now barely supported by its flanking walls, stands as a sacred symbol to the whole Greek race, and to the whole Greek form of Christianity, including such religion as may remain in the Russian empire and the Balkan states; including even Bulgaria, where the Exarchist schism is still young, as schisms go, and where the thought of a Bulgarian tsar entering the city and restoring the cross to Saint Sophia acted like a divine inspiration upon the Bulgarian peasant soldiers in the Balkan war of 1912. Restoration to the Orthodox Church would seem quite easy, were it not that the church has become a symbol to Islam as well, and Moslems can found their claim on present possession and constant use. There must be a statute of limitations to historical claims, they might well plead; otherwise to what form of Christian religion should the old cathedrals of England belong? "Shall idolaters who kiss pictures and bow before the semblance of created man, worship again in the shrine which the

sword of Islam has purged? Will you light a spark of unquenchable rage in the hearts of millions among the faithful inhabiting the vast regions of a British empire, soon to be made vaster still? Rather will we shatter the holy building itself before we go and leave the Greeks nothing but a ruin of crumbling stones to weep over."

And then, there are the historians to be considered, and no good historian wishes to erase the tale of four and a half centuries from any monument. All would treat every trace of history with respect, just as Dean Stanley, for instance, preferred to preserve the amazing tombs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in the Abbey. And, on the other side are the artists, who long to behold those mosaics of reputed splendor again revealed from behind the whitewash. And there are the picturesque tourists, whose opinions would probably be divided between a certain affection for the picturesque Turk, an inquisitive desire to see what beauties a transformation might discover, and a dilettante horror of restoration in any form. It is true that politicians and diplomatists do not take much stock of historians, artists, or lovers of the picturesque; but from them, also, a clamor will arise, no matter what the decision of the conference may be, and the clamor will not be all on one side.

So that the problem is far from easy, and we can hardly presume to decide where division among the religious and the learned remains so violent. One solution does, however, occur to us as possible. How would it be to leave the building in the hands of the Moslems till they can no longer say: "See now how you Christians hate each other! See with what vehemence your bishops, clergy, and statesmen contradict the plain and decisive teaching of your nominal Master and God! See with what fury you exact vengeance upon your enemies, whom your Master commanded you to love! See how you persecute, imprison, and torture the men who attempt to follow your Master's words! See to what barren ritual and formalities you have reduced His vital inspiration for creating a new spirit in the world! And how you hate those who differ among you even upon points of ritual and formality! Would it not be as well to leave the recovery of your Church of God's Wisdom until you have recovered your God?"—From the *London Nation*.

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Occasional Observations

By Horace Flack

XVI.—MEN OF INFLUENCE.

IF the affairs of this planet, or any considerable portion of it, ever come to final crisis (which is Greek for "last judgment"—see dictionary) then in that case, I suppose the crisis will be brought on by the most influential men then on earth. And, if it is a final crisis, it will be one of the sort which neither they nor any one else then on earth will be able to control or to postpone.

My own inclination as a rule has been to prefer the indefinite postponement of every sort of crisis, including, of course, the final, as it may be brought nearer with every preliminary crisis which is not postponed. If as a result of this tendency—or more accurately disposition—I "lose all influence"—or if I have already done so—I may have a reasonable hope that I myself and others may be the better for it.

This hope is based on the observation I have made on the habits of men of influence from the earliest times. When Mungo Park first penetrated Africa, he found the methods of the earliest times in their most primitive forms constantly employed by the most influential men. A word from a man of influence was enough. Without a newspaper organ, a typewriter, or the place under the limelight on the platform, he was able to exert his influence over others to such an extent that he felt no need of brilliancy in his phrases. Feeling his influence through a single word, a hundred men and women might plunge into a swamp, with

water up to their necks, and venomous reptiles threatening their lives. Or they might stagger across a desert in the burning sun until they could stagger no longer. In the extreme case, as noted by Park and other observers of primitive methods of exerting influence, those whose minds and bodies were controlled as above, were all chained together by the necks, and known to European and American exporters of the eighteenth century who dealt in "black cattle" as a "slave coffle."

As these words are disagreeable, we may omit them and rejoice that they are out of fashion. But if without the chain, using only the power of his superior knowledge *Svengali* can hypnotize his "subjects" until they are under complete control of his will, neither he nor they show, necessarily, any marked improvement over Shiek Mahommed Ali, who became and remained a shiek because his "word was law" with all who came under his influence.

As my word is not law, I know of no reason that it ever should be in any case, and I know of many reasons why it should not be. If, through any imaginary method—including that of *Svengali* and Shiek Mohammed, severally improved to the utmost and made not only respectable but admirable—I could use the power of my single mind to dominate the minds of a million others, I cannot see how either they or I could possibly be the better for it. Although Milton seems to admire Lucifer more than any other hero of his "Paradise Lost," attributing to him (under his less polite and poetical name of Satan) unprecedented success in gaining almost unbounded influence, still we are not permitted by poetic justice, in admiring him for the indomitable energy he shows, to conclude that he is a model to be openly imitated in our own efforts to secure national or world-wide recognition as "men of influence."

This may be accepted as an endorsement of the opinion of all those who now or at any other time may hold that I am not fit for recognition as a man of influence. I think they are right—at least far more nearly right than I am ever likely to become through an attempt to appeal from such a verdict. Perhaps in this I may be at present under the influence of some one else, who tells me that "the thing which has chiefly ailed this country during the past two decades is meddler's itch—irresistible desire of millions of us to dictate to each other." Instead of "dictate to," I might say "dominate," and I might then ask, if in my own case, I may not finally reach the point where after explaining the best I know, I will be willing to "attend to my own business"—in short, the point where the desire to dominate the mind of any other person now on earth will be not only resistible, but under complete and rational control.

If so, what then? If there remains the possibility of "the choir invisible" of those who "live again in minds made better by their presence," I think those who join it—as many may—will not find their welcome through any agony of effort to impose their ideas, their theories, their ideals, least of all, their wills on others. I think I have known such, as they enlightened others whom they did not seek to control, and perhaps feared to try to influence. Shakespeare must have known such—must at last have felt the will to join them—before he wrote: "How far this little candle throws its beams." The worst possible use of such a candle might be in the lantern of Diogenes, flashed in the faces of the most influential men of Athens. Yet, when all is said, if there were no other choice, who would not rather be the Cynic, alive in the sunlight, than the most influential man in the world—the Alexander dying drunk in Babylon? But why should we be forced to such a choice in an age which substitutes electricity for the little candle, and awaits the man who will be satisfied with his influence if he does nothing more than touch the button which turns on the light? After all, why should we not be permitted to "see for ourselves?"

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The End of an Epoch

By Emily Grant Hutchings

The funeral of George C. Eichbaum, on Easter Sunday, was a fitting close to the old regime in local art. Superficially it was nothing out of the ordinary that a man who had gone two laps past the four-score should succumb to the shock of a fall that in a younger man would be followed by nothing more serious than an application of arnica. But there is a deeper significance to Eichbaum's passing. Its counterpart is to be found all over the country.

A fortnight ago came news of the death of Julian Story, best known to the world at large because he was for a turbulent period the husband of Emma Eames—best known to St. Louis because he painted the great French war picture that continues to fascinate the multitude at our City Art Museum, in spite of the gibes of the technicians and the modernists. A few days later, Kenyon Cox closed his paint box and folded his sketching stool. Not so long ago we were shocked by the report that Carroll Beckwith collapsed as he was entering the portals of his club in New York City, and died without regaining consciousness—Beckwith who was born up

at Hannibal and was the life-long intimate of Mark Twain, both in Italy and up on the farm near Elmira; Beckwith who painted the famous "Mark with the Cob Pipe."

It is nothing that old men should die. Cox, Beckwith, Eichbaum—1856, 1852, 1837—they were not of an age, but they were of an epoch, the epoch that is dead and yet will not suffer the obsequies that must inevitably be pronounced. Here in our quiet backwater, we hear little of the tumult that is raging out on the high sea where artists from every quarter of the globe come together, to pour their hostile ideas into the vortex. Imagine such a thing as an actual fist fight over the merits and faults of the Barnard statue of Abraham Lincoln! The two who struggled had no personal interest in that uncouth memorial to a great man. They recognized in each other the idea that was fighting to keep its grip on life and the other idea that must fight with even greater ferocity to make for itself a footing on the bones of the dead.

We laughed or shuddered at the nightmare pictures of the futurists, the cubists, the Blue Knights, the post-post impressionists, and we whose blood was of the conservative order, sighed with grateful relief when we were told that

the war had done away with all that madness, that France had been purged of her folly and her sons had returned to the old methods in art. Now that the truth is oozing through, we learn that art in France is not revolutionary, it is Bolshevik! It has none of the sordid money-getting characteristics of the Matisse output. It is sincere and alive; but it does not conform. It kicks over the laws of composition. Draughtsmanship is all very well, but it is no longer essential. Color defies the spectrum and makes its own combinations, whether of harmony or discord.

The last message from the pen of Carroll Beckwith was a shout of praise because modernism had gone down in the conflict on the fields of France. It was worth all we had suffered, just to know that the world was once more sane, that the blood-letting had not enervated the insane and decadent patient, but had merely carried out the virus of art anarchy. Fortunately for that conserva-

tive, he died before the true situation had been revealed.

Up in Milwaukee the men and women who thought they had seen a great light, in the early days of February brought pressure to bear on their local Board of Aldermen, to have a fund of ten thousand dollars set aside for the bringing to the Art Institute of the best current exhibitions of "modernist" painting. They wanted to see what the nonconformists were doing, to get—if possible—the point of view of those who professed to understand what the modern men were driving at. They had seen Hayley Lever's drunken boats, dancing on water that threatened continually to leap over the frame and spill itself on the gallery floor. They had puzzled over Arthur Davies combinations of large and small figures, put together without atmosphere or perspective. And now it transpired that there were better—worse, perhaps—things than these that were being shown in New York



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and Chicago. There were men without legs and women whose faces were only half formed. There were horses that would have passed for rabbits, without the title in the catalogue.

Other cities were raving over the charm and stimulating inspiration of these new art creations, and Milwaukee must not be behind the times. The City Fathers were convinced. They had all but made the appropriation, when up rose Frank Bishop, an artist of the old school, and with a few well-aimed shafts of ridicule slaughtered the whole army of modernists. Such catch-penny expressions as "purple cow," "gangrene-eyed maiden," etc., served to do the trick. Bishop's beard was gray and his head was wellnigh devoid of hair. He had long been in the business of painting lovely flowers and pieces of fruit that looked good enough to eat. His brush had recorded trees with every leaf accounted for, and faces of Milwaukee's sons and daughters that the casual acquaintance could recognize at a glance. He solved the whole world-question with the final denunciation:

"Individual flowers, says the new school, are only a part of the whole—a splotch of color, a brilliant mass of conflicting tones. That is 'effect,' that is 'imagination.' But I defy any florist to tell me what kind of flowers they are intended to represent." That settled it. The bill was killed. Milwaukee was saved! Modern art would not be brought to the Art Institute at the city's expense.

In St. Louis, Mr. Holland and the Board of Control were widely criticised for permitting the exhibition of Albert Block's impressionistic canvases, a few years ago. The *real thing* in the new art movement, that so shocked and delighted New York and Chicago, was not brought to St. Louis because Mr. Holland made a trip to Chicago to see it and pronounced it vulgar and degrading, destitute of any other quality than mere originality that might make it worth the cost of exhibition in the City Art Museum. And for this he was denounced as an old fogey, not up to the times.

Frederick Wellington Ruckstuhl, the former St. Louis sculptor, Frenchman by ancestry, birth and predilection, who has long suffered the handicap of a Teutonic name, is even now going up and down the land lecturing to audiences of teachers and others who are supposed to mould the minds of the oncoming generation—thundering his warning against the modern tendencies in art. By the help of convincing—not to say convicting—lantern slides, he ridicules Rodin, Cezanne, and the entire impressionist movement. He tells his hearers that all was well with the world until 1850, when madness seized on the artists of France, that country that had been appointed by high heaven to foster and develop art for the entire world.

The conservative art journals and the old-school painters are echoing the protest against any attempted breaking-away from the rules that were blocked out by the teachers who preceded Edouard Manet. Yet all that is best in the art of our own times is the direct result of the brutal fight between the Impressionists and the "suppressionists" who used every means at their disposal

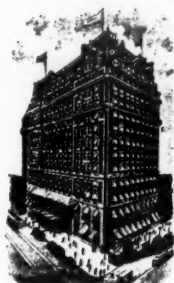
to throttle them. Even the name, "impressionism" was the outgrowth of a sneer. Manet had exhibited "My Impression of a Pot on the Fire" and some of his daring comrades had adorned the walls of the "gallery of discards" with other pictures recording their impressions of certain well-known objects. Claretie, the caustic critic, spoke of the exhibition as a "Salon des Impressionistes." Like many another term of reproach, it attained dignified standing.

Some years ago, when that distinguished art analyst, Charles M. Kurtz, was in St. Louis, it was the custom of

certain local painters to ridicule Eichbaum, Hastings, Harney and the other older men who continued to produce pictures. One day Kurtz lost his temper.

"Wait until you are their age," he exploded, "and the rising generation will be making fun of you. Eichbaum is no dub of a portrait painter. He isn't a Lehnbach, but he doesn't pretend to be. He gives his client a good, honest, pleasing portrait, that has the virtue of looking like the sitter. Some of you don't do that, because you don't know how to draw."

After the passing of Kurtz, who had transferred his activity to Buffalo, but was still a powerful factor in local art, a few of the conservatives remained, along with George Eichbaum and Matt Hastings—those oil-burning lighthouses along the rocky coast of modernism, who recalled the days of Marple and Meeker, Guthrie, Fry, Tracy, the young men who gathered around Halsey C. Ives in the old Sketch Club. Now the last of them has journeyed to Bellefontaine, selecting for his long ride a glorious Easter Sunday. Is art dead? No, it is just being born.



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The Reckoning

By Alexander Mackendrick

Since Defoe wrote his "Political History of the Devil," which the profane have described as "a devil of a political history," there has appeared, so far as is within our knowledge, no book or treatise that lays bare more effectively the machinations of the Evil One, working through the minds of kings and rulers, to overthrow civilization and bring the world back to chaos and primeval night, than does "The Reckoning," by James M. Beck (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York). The book satisfies the historic instincts of its reader in that it traces the racial, psychological, and political forces that grouped themselves around that storm-center of egotism which came to maturity with the accession of Frederick the Great to the Prussian throne in 1740, and relates them to the total concatenation of circumstances and conditions that led up to the ever-memorable days around August 1st, 1914. It satisfies also that most insistent of all our instincts, the moral sense, by showing just where and how the nations have strayed from the paths of peace through disregard of that higher law which has been engraved by the Creator on the tablets of the human heart, and out of which have been evolved not only the codes that are written in statute books, but all the fundamental decencies of human conduct. It is equally satisfying to the philosophic mind in that it views the great world tragedy in the light of those "ideas" that ultimately shape the destinies of nations. And, finally, it satisfies the artistic sense not only in its restrained use of language, but in its rhythmic cadences and poetic imagery.

In the estimation of the present reviewer, it would be difficult to overpraise this important and exceedingly well-timed book.

Following upon an excellent "foreword" written so recently as October 21, 1918, the author strikes the keynote of the book in the opening chapter. Here he treats of that "higher law" before whose tribunal the actions of men and nations must ultimately be tried. Quoting Lord Bacon, Mr. Beck brings out the great jurist's admission that state-made and inter-state laws are not the only bonds that hold the human family together, but that above and outside of such laws, "there is a large body of regulations, having their origin in the common conscience of mankind, and affecting human conduct more vitally than the regulations of political states." This "higher law" flashes out as in letters of fire in all such moments of trial as that one at the sinking of the *Titanic*, when the law "women and children first" was obeyed instantly and unhesitatingly. "Who made this law?" asks the author. Like him, we bow our heads, laying the mystery of its origin alongside the mystery of life and postponing the hope of understanding either until the time when we can "know even as we are known." It is quite certain that "no legislature ever enacted it. It was not the result of any contractual agreement." It cannot be justified on utilitarian grounds. It cannot indeed be called a "law" in any human sense, but only in the natural sense in which we speak of the law of gravitation—a law which men must obey at the peril of their manhood. The necessity of obedience to this higher law under which mankind lies has been the theme of the mythologies and sacred

writings of past ages. It was the burden of the Great Teacher's message, and the beatitudes are its most perfect expression. And Shakespeare, by the mouth of *Portia*, the most nearly perfect among his heroines, places the higher law with unerring instinct where it properly belongs: "'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes the throned monarch better than his crown. His sceptre shows the force of temporal power, but mercy is above this sceptred sway; it is enthroned in the hearts of kings; it is an attribute of God himself." "It is," writes Mr. Beck, "Germany's greatest crime that . . . her conduct from the beginning of the war has been not only a ruthless challenge to the authority of the higher law, but a flat denial of its very existence."

"The reckoning" of which the title speaks refers, of course, to the ultimate squaring of accounts with Germany. Obedience to the higher law demands something much more positive, efficacious, or final than a mere coming to terms with a nation that has laughed this higher law to scorn. The cataclysm that has well nigh rent the world asunder is, in Mr. Beck's opinion, the inevitable resultant of two ideals, "each false, but differing greatly in degree." The one is that of the Hohenzollern dynasty that the State is above morality and that the only limit to its right of aggression is its physical power; the other is that of a false pacifism that would rather condone a wrong than inflict upon the world the scourge of war. The one says "power at any price"; the other "peace at any price," and the problem now before the world is to discredit both these ideals and make it for ever impossible that the former may insti-

gate aggressive wars or that the latter may so deal with them as to leave behind the seeds of war for the future. Mr. Beck finds no difficulty in proving from the records of history that the first act in the great drama upon the last act of which the curtain is now rising, began with the aggression of Frederick the Great in seizing Silesia; nor does he fail in finding reasons for his belief that if the opposed Allies of that date had not, under the pressure of war-weariness, weakly condoned the sins of that unscrupulous autocrat, whose life seems to have been deliberately modelled upon the princely ideal set up by Machiavelli, there would have been no war in 1914. "Encouraged by the condonation of the Silesian crime, Frederick made common cause with Russia and Austria in the partition of Poland, and that noble kingdom was destroyed. Then came the French revolution. . . . Napoleon invaded nation after nation, and again, to secure peace at any price, his violations of the higher law were condoned. For a few decades civilization had a breathing spell and then the Hohenzollern dynasty . . . wrested Schleswig-Holstein from Denmark, and no nation lifted a hand to protect that helpless power. . . . Then a quarrel was picked with France. . . . Had the civilized states of Europe and America in 1871 compelled Prussia to respect the higher law in her dealings with France, this war might never have been." Such abbreviated quotations may serve to indicate the author's conviction that the world today is reaping as it has sown in the past; and that on the sowing of today depends the harvest of the future.

To lovers of Shakespeare much interest will attach to Mr. Beck's play of fancy in allotting to the various belligerent nations their appropriate characters in the drama of "Hamlet," and particularly to the part he awards America in the role of the Prince of Denmark himself. "The dreamy, irresolute *Hamlet* of the first four acts became in the final act of the tragedy the resolute and fearless man of action." In many ways the congruity between the mixed idealism and practicality of the American character with that of the visionary but energetic prince, is startling. The final chapter, "The Terms of Peace," merits an extended and careful notice for which there is not here space. Suffice it to say that Mr. Beck's proposals may all be characterized as reasonable. If he insists on "retributive justice" more strenuously than some of the more tender-minded among his readers may approve, such should be reminded that there is no trace of a vulgar vindictiveness in his argument, but only of a strong desire to vindicate the absolute supremacy of "the higher law."

♦♦♦

"This new clerk doesn't seem to know anything whatever about anything." "Well, that won't do for silks or dress goods. Put him in the book department."—*Judge*.

♦♦♦

"Be sure you are right, then go ahead." "But lots of times the traffic cop won't let me," objected Mr. Wombat.—*Kansas City Journal*.

To Amy

After Gargling "Gargoyles"

By Harry B. Kennon

O, Amy, dear, dear Amy, O!
Where do you get that stuff?
Ain't thing's as is the poet's biz,
Ain't too much quite enough?
For—
Never was a gargoyle yet
Wasn't somehow human;
Beast or bird or bug, perchance,
Ever man or woman.

Sometimes both or all of these
Mixed up in the bloomin':
Stone or wood—or common clay,
Baked in fires consumin'.

Never words dehumanised
Into ain't or wasn't;
Amy, dear, dear Amy, O!
Really, dear, you mustn't.
For—
Amy, dear, dear Amy, O!
"Burr of a rising moon,"
Ain't no gargoyle, but just gumboil—
Please, Amy, lance it soon.



Coming Shows

With the coming to the American Theatre Sunday night of "The Better 'Ole" for a week's engagement, St. Louisans will be afforded an opportunity to see in the flesh the inimitable Bairnsfather characters, *Old Bill*, *Bert* and *Alf*, who form the nucleus of the famous "Fragments from France." This remarkably successful comedy with music is by Captain Bairnsfather, the cartoonist-creator of these characters, in collaboration with Captain Arthur Eliot. It recounts the adventures of three British privates and though it has a background of war it does not present the horrors or melodramatic aspect so common in wartime stage offerings. "The Better 'Ole" will be presented by Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, who have won a wide reputation for scholarly stagecraft and as producers of the best there is in theatricals. De Wolf Hopper will impersonate *Old Bill*; Harry McNaughten and Percival Vivial *Bert* and *Alf* respectively. A chorus of British Tommies, English villagers and French peasant girls adds to the attractiveness and musical effectiveness of the performance.

Two St. Louis girls will appear on the Orpheum bill next week. One, Miss Mabel McCane, will share leading honors with Jack Norworth. She will appear in a vaudeville revue ably supported by Grant, King and Al Sexton; it is a series of songs and dances with a complete scenic investiture for each. The other St. Louis singer is Janet Adair, who began her career here and for many seasons entertained with character songs; she will be assisted by Miss Adelphi at the piano. Jack Norworth has acted in and managed several productions on the legitimate stage. His last season's production was "Odds and Ends;" this season he is presenting a group of new songs. Other entertainers will be Dorothy Brenner, known as the "dainty porcelain lady of songland;" Hampton and Blake in an act "Just a Little Different;" the Ramsells and Deyo in a dance revue; Tom Smith and Ralph Austin in "All Fun;" and a novelty hat throwing act by the acrobatic team of Garcinnettem Brothers.

At the Columbia next week Bocker's Arabs will head the vaudeville, and Mabel Normand in "The Pest," will be the feature picture. This is her latest and funniest Goldwyn picture and the Columbia will show it for the first time in St. Louis. Other vaudeville acts will be Barbier, Thatcher and company in "Clubs Are Trumps;" Fox and Ingraham, singing some exclusive songs; the Nettie de Coursey Trio with "Breezy Comedy and Songs;" and Wylie and Blackburn with more songs. Other film numbers will be Current Events and some late comedies.

Merian's Swiss Canine Actors in a funny play called "The Territorials Quartered," will lead the Grand Opera House bill next week. Second in importance will be H. E. Denton and Alice Dale in a playlet entitled, "Pough-keepsie." Other numbers will be Logan, Donn and Hazel in a nonsensical oddity called "Two Nuts and a Kernel;" Stanley and Dale, two graceful young men dancers; the Jordan girls in a combination wire and dancing act; Viola Lewis and company, versatile juvenile entertainers; Clifton and Kramer, fun makers; John Jackson, comedian, and Jeanette, the dancing saxophone girl.



Smithson—Do you know that Noah was the greatest financier that ever lived?

Dibbs—How do you make that out?

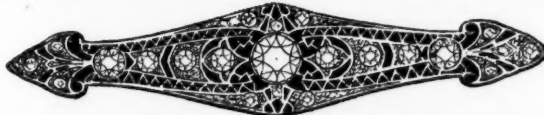
Smithson—Well, he was able to float a company when the whole world was in liquidation.—*London Tit-Bits.*

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Marts and Money

In its principal aspects the Wall Street market shows no important changes. Specialties, such as food, leather, motor, oil, shipping, and a few steel issues still enjoy a large and eager patronage. The demand is sedulously fostered by speciously worded letters and circulars sent out day after day by interested brokers. Newspapers carry advertisements hinting at interesting developments in the near future with respect to popular commodities on the regular board or on the curb. Readers are invited to ask for inside facts, so as to be prepared for participation in the next ground-swell.

The propaganda is along old-established lines, with some variations, of course. Railroad stocks and other sea-

soned issues are studiously overlooked. They are not in fashion for the present. Too much money has been sunk in them by people who had anticipated neither the war, nor federal control, nor the McAdoo-Hines dispensation, nor the unquenchable avarice of the brotherhoods. Nevertheless, Wall Street continues to cling to the hope that by and by, after Congress is permitted to go into action again, the railroad mess will be straightened out somehow or other, the lines returned to their owners, and quotations for stocks hoisted twenty or twenty-five points for a while. But hopes deferred are not very interesting. They don't pay on the Stock Exchange, where the everlasting now is the foremost consideration among the speculative element.

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tidings from Paris. The opinion prevails that peace is near, and that a tremendous boom in foreign trade should buoy up the domestic state of affairs in every direction. Traders feel delighted, also, with the somewhat Delphic Wilsonic advice to Messrs. Redfield and Hines about a proper settlement of the bitter dispute concerning the steel schedule. The expectation is that the matter will soon be righted in a manner that should facilitate efforts to resuscitate the iron and steel business. The consensus of opinion is that the existing state of affairs is rotten. When some *quidnunc* insisted the other day that the trade is looking up, one of the wags of the street broke in with the remark that since the trade is flat on its back, it couldn't possibly do anything else.

However, United States Steel common contrived to move up a whole dollar—from 98½ to 99½. This must be considered very dignified valuation for a stock which, according to some oracles, will shortly be on a straight 5 per cent dividend basis. The quarterly meeting will be held on the 29th inst. If a cut is avoided and the common stock's quotation displays a rising tendency, the idea that the steel trade is looking up may be taken seriously even among the depressionists, who, it may justly be presumed, have put out a large number of short lines in the last few weeks. Steel common moves quickly and decisively when it does move, and it seems reasonable to believe that a big bulge in its price should be reflected to some extent even in the long dormant railroad department. The bull cliques are closely following the narrow fluctuations in Bethlehem Steel B, the current price of which is 76½, as compared with 55½ some months ago. Owners get a regular rate of 5 per cent per annum, against 10 per cent a year ago. The relatively high price promotes cogitation among the circumspect, especially among the bear element. There's cautious talk, also, in regard to the persistent firmness of equipment issues, because it doesn't chime in very well with pessimistic statements relative to lack of orders for railroad account.

That the weekly reports of steel authorities are gloomy, cannot be questioned. There are hints that many mills are operating at only 40 to 50 per cent of capacity. "All discounted," declare the wise men. May be. As a rule, one should buy in times of depression, and sell in times of prosperity. When U. S. Steel common sold at 136½, two years ago, it was an excellent sale, though things were humming then in the steel plants, and stockholders drawing exceptionally fat dividends. But steel common was worth less than 80 before August 1, 1914, when the annual rate was only 5 per cent, and the price sometimes slumped to less than 60. The dissolution suit is off, though, and the corporation is a vastly richer concern than it ever has been. According to statistical experts, there's at least \$140 back of each share of common stock at present, though par value is \$100. In face of all these conflicting arguments, one shouldn't feel surprised at the relative dullness in the group of representative steel stocks and the indisposition to act aggressively on either the long or short

side. But there may or should be a marked turn in affairs in less than three weeks.

Congress will be in session some time in June. Such is the ruling belief at this moment, and that it radiates constructive influences is plainly apparent. Leading bankers and merchants and manufacturers deprecate pessimistic propaganda. They are in favor of firm if not materially higher quotations. When people make "good money," either on the Stock Exchange or in their regular avocations, the whole economic situation is helpfully affected. There's, then, more pronounced disposition to put dollars in circulation, to add to deposits in the banks, and to invest or speculate in stocks and bonds. This is the pragmatic argument, which doesn't allow for conservatism or inevitable reactions from time to time. The boom-theory has been given greater vogue than ever by the plethoric state of things in the 1915-18 period. If the country was prosperous in those four years, why should it not be prosperous all the time? Nor must it be overlooked that more than ever are the dominant economic powers inclined to look for remedial or supporting action on the part of the Government. What does this signify, if not a drift toward Socialism?

There's very little doing, as yet, in the copper department. The quest for shares of this class is restricted by low prices and high wages. The metal's price still exhibits downward tendencies. It is at or around 15 to 15¼ cents a pound right now, or at a level which permits of no hopes of profits on operations at the mines. Predictions of heavy exports persist, though. They are lent color by official statements showing strikingly large totals of shipments of all kinds of commodities to other nations. Sooner or later, the demand for copper must evidence great expansion, too, for this country is and will for years be the chief source of supply for Europe. That the prices of copper shares would respond quickly to enhancement in the general market is beyond doubt, especially so since there's strong reason for the belief that liquidation has run its course.

The craze for oil stocks of all descriptions appears inextinguishable. It coincides, naturally, with reports of widespread promotion in all the known field in the West, South and Southwest. Millions of dollars are sunk in shares of little or no value, for the sharks are determined to utilize their present opportunities to the utmost, despite the vigilance of Federal and State authorities. In Wall Street, Sinclair Oil and Refining and Pierce Oil registered notable appreciation in quoted values, and that for valid reasons, methinks. For those two companies are reporting unusually good revenues, thanks to efficient far-sighted management and prudent policies of expansion. The market standing of Sinclair stock was visibly bettered by the official news that Theodore J. Roosevelt had become a member of the board of directors. What's in a name?

As could have been expected, the quotations for former issues of war bonds were adversely affected by the announcement of the terms of the Vic-

tory Loan. The 4¼ per cent issues set new minimum records. Further sharp declines are not likely, it having become apparent that the 4¾ per cents will go well both with financial institutions and capitalistic investors in general.

Finance in St. Louis.

Local brokers are gladdened by steady expansion in volume of business. Investors and speculators are growing more appreciative of existing opportunities for employing idle funds to excellent advantage. They feel that quotations are on the upgrade and that they will be compelled to pay considerably higher prices if they defer purchases three or four months longer. At the same time, they have a "hunch" that the final Government loan should prove a striking and memorable success. Wherefore, it is quite natural that local Bourse prices are tending upward in an increasing number of cases, and that even United Railways 4s should be quoted at practically unchanged figures, despite the insolvency. The present price is 49.75. About \$45,000 were transferred in the past few days. The preferred stock is rated at 10 bid, and the common at 2 bid.

Fifty shares of Cities Service preferred brought 79.50; fifty-five Fulton Iron Works common, 43.50; forty-five Candy common, 73.50; fifty-five Ely-Walker D. G. common, 120, and eighty Wagner Electric, 150. The sudden brisk demand for the last-named stock caused quite a little stir, there having been but little activity in recent months. The regular dividend rate is \$8 per annum.

The banking group was rather quiet, with prices notably firm. Ten Bank of Commerce were sold at 132.50, and another ten at 133. Evidences of prosperous banking conditions are apparent not only in St. Louis, but all over the country. The banks and trust companies of St. Louis are well prepared for handling the 4¼ per cent loan, and feel certain that the local quota will fully be subscribed before expiration of time limit.

Latest Quotations.

Stocks.	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank.....	117½	118
Mechanics-Am. National.....	246	---
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	135	---
Chippewa Bank.....	250	---
Mississippi Valley Trust.....	290	---
United Railways com.....	2¼	2½
do pfd.....	10	11
do 4s.....	51¼	52
St. L. & Sub. 1st 5s.....	91	---
do gen. 5s.....	49	53
Fulton Iron com.....	45	45½
Kinloch Telephone 6s.....	98½	---
Certain-teed com.....	45	---
do 1st pfd.....	87	---
do 2d pfd.....	72	80
Scruggs, V. & B. com.....	35½	---
do 1st.....	78	---
do 2d.....	70	---
Ely & Walker com.....	125	---
do 1st pfd.....	102	104
do 2d pfd.....	---	80½
International Shoe com.....	110	112
do pfd.....	113	113½
Brown Shoe com.....	82	83
do pfd.....	99½	---
Hydraulic P. Brick com.....	4¼	4¾
do pfd.....	32	32½
Central Coal and Coke com.....	69½	---
Cities Service pfd.....	79	79½

Answers to Inquiries.

INFORMATION, St. Louis.—Ohio Cities Gas has risen about ten points since January. This doesn't seem much of a gain, in view of the substantial improvement that has occurred in other stocks of a similar speculative character. But there's hope of a real bulge in the near

future, especially so on account of the valuable oil properties controlled by the company. There's ground for the belief that the stock has been accumulated in recent months.

H. F. O'D., Paragould, Ark.—International Nickel is on a \$2 dividend basis at present. Par value, \$25. The current price of 29½ indicates a rise of five points since February. The stock has not been very active since 1916, when 57½ was touched on the curb market. The general idea is that the company will profit handsomely by return of peace, it being one of the largest producers of nickel in the world, and supplies of the metal in Europe being exceptionally small. The stock is a commendable speculation for a long pull, and a recovery to at least 42 must be considered a reasonable probability.

INVESTOR, Wayne, Neb.—(1) Corn Products preferred is an investment, rather than a speculation. Owing to the fact that the bulk of it is held in strong boxes, the stock is not among active issues. All dividends in arrears were cleared up in 1917. The 7 per cent rate is earned with a large margin of safety, and the accumulated surplus is of such size as to warrant the opinion that the full rate will be disbursed regularly for years to come, irrespective of fluctuations in earnings. (2) Chicago, Great Western preferred, quoted at 23½, is not much of a speculation under prevailing conditions. An advance to 40 cannot reasonably be looked for before the transportation problem has been solved in a way promising a square deal to stockholders.

CAREFUL READER, San Luis Obispo, Cal.—(1) Central Leather common is quoted at 79, against 56½ two months ago. While it still is largely speculative, it should develop into a desirable investment stock in the next five years. The American leather industry is likely to show very substantial development from now on, German competition having been eliminated, and not being expected again to become an important factor for a long time to come. The C. L. Co. is in fine condition, financially, and hopes of a 6 per cent common dividend rate may fairly be entertained. (2) Pierce Oil should be held, and accumulated profits be protected with the right kind of a stop order. (3) Southern Pacific will probably be one of the leaders in the next big advance in the railroad department. You shouldn't sell at a loss, but take advantage of occasional declines by adding to holdings.

B. A. L., Elmira, N. Y.—(1) Wilson Packing is a stock of unquestionable investment merits. Its recent course justifies the conclusion that accumulative purchasing is in progress, and that considerably higher prices are looked for before the lapse of six months. The quoted price of 84½ is significantly high. It foreshadows a 6 or 7 per cent dividend. That much may be inferred also by the official statement that only reasons of conservatism prompted an initial quarterly payment of \$1.25. (2) Would recommend adding to holdings of California Packing on the first soft spot. Stock acts well.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

From Out-of-Town?

When you have out-of-town visitors, the Statler can be helpful in your plans for their entertainment.

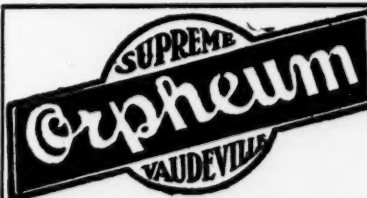
It may be anything from "running in for lunch" to a formal ball—but bring them to the Statler before they leave.

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